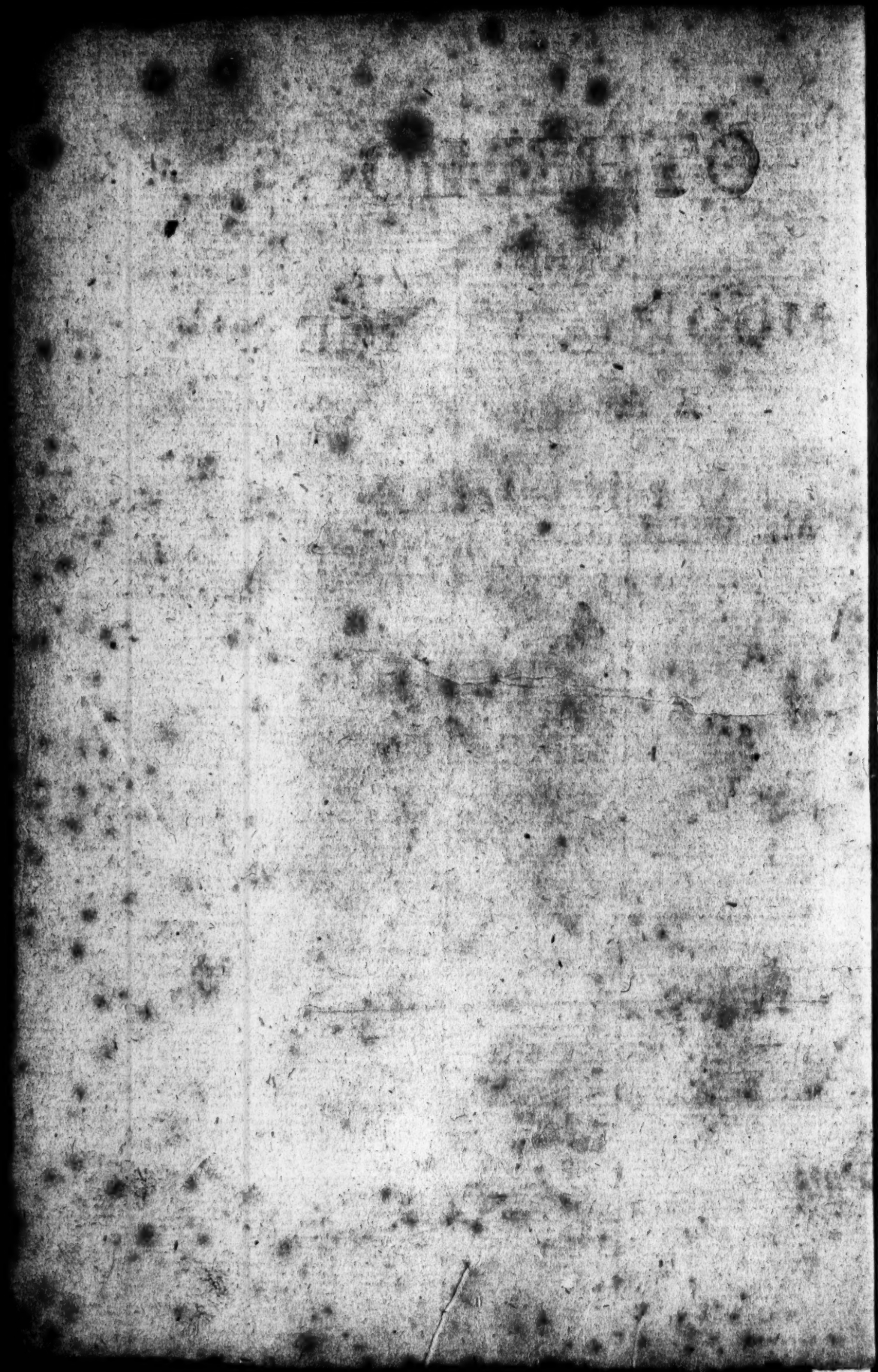


OTHELLO
THE
MOOR OF VENICE
A TRAGEDY

WRITTEN BY
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



GOTTINGEN
PRINTED FOR VICTORINVS BOSSIEGEL
1766



OTHELLO
THE
MOOR OF VENICE.

A

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DVKE of VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a noble Venetian.

GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.

OTHELLO, the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.

CASSIO, his Lieutenant-General.

IAGO, Standard-bearer to Othello.

RODORIGO, a foolish Gentleman, in love with DESDEMONA.

MONTANO, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to the Moor.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

AEMILIA, Wife to Iago.

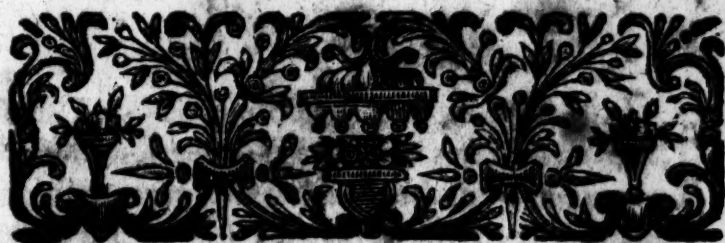
BIANCA, a Courtezan, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians and Attendants.

SCENE for the First Act in Venice; during the rest of the Play in Cyprus.

The Story is taken from Cynthio's Novels.

OTHEL-



OTHELLO,
THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT. I. SCENE I.
A Street in *Venice*.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. **N**ever tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of
this —

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me then.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold
Him in thy hate.

A 2

Iago.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not.
 Three Great ones of the city, in personal suit
 To make me his Lieutenant, oft' capt to him:
 And, by the faith of man, I know my price,
 I'm worth no worse a place. But he, as loving
 His pride and purposes, evades them with
 A bombast circumstance horribly stuf
 With epithets of war; and in conclusion
 Non-suits my mediators; *Certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.
 And what has he?
 Forsooth a great arithmetician,
 One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine**,
 A Fellow almost damn'd in a fair phys †
 That never set a Squadron in the field;
 Nor the division of a battel knows
 More than a spinster; but the bookish theorique,
 Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
 As masterly as he; meer prattle, without
 practice,

Is

* It is plain from many other passages in the Play
 (rightly understood) that *Cassio* was a *Florentine* and
Iago a *Venerian*.

† In all the former editions this has been printed a
fair Wife, but surely it must from the beginning have
 been a mistake, because it appears from a following
 part in the Play, that *Cassio* was an unmarried man:
 on the other hand his beauty is often hinted at, which
 it is natural enough for other rough Soldiers to treat
 with scorn and ridicule,

Is all his soldierſhip — he had th' election ;
 And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
 Chriſtian and heathen, muſt be belee'd and calm'd
 By *Debtor*, and *Creditor*, this *Countercaſter*.
 He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
 And I, God bleſs the mark! his Moor-ſhip's
 Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been
 his Hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of
 ſervice;

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
 Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge your
 ſelf,

If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;

I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
 For nought but provender, and when old, 's
 caſhier'd;

Whip me ſuch honeſt Knaves. Others there are
 Who trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,

Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage. These folks have some
soul.

And such a one do I profess my self.

It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,

Were I the Moor, I would not be *Ingo*:

In following him, I follow but my self.

Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,

But, seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In complement extern; 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,

For daws to peck at; I'm not what I seem.

Red. What a full fortune does the thick
lips owe,

If he can carry her thus!

Iago. Call up her father,

Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.

Proclaim him in the streets, incense her Kinsmen.

And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,

Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,

As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago.

OTHELLO.

7

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and
dire yell,

As when by night and negligence, a fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Bra-*
bantio! ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags:

Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Enter Brabantio above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible
summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for shame,
put on your gown

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram

Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise,

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,

Or else the Devil will make a grandfire of you.

Arise, I say.

A 4

Bra.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend Signior, do you know
my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My Name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in
madness,

Being full of fupper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir, —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing?
this is *Venice*:

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the Devil bid you. Because we
come to do you service, you think we are ruffians;
you'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary*
horse, you'll have your nephews neigh to you,
you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for
germans.

Bra.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee,
Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I'll answer any thing. But I beseech
you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter
Be at this odd even and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a Knave of hire, a *Gundalter*,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor;
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
Wehen have done you bold and sawcy wrongs:
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility

I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where; straight satisfy your-
self.

Is she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State

For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper — call up, all my people, —
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light!

Exit Bra. from above.

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd (as if I stay: I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embarked
With such loud reason to the *Cyprus*' wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their
souls,

Another of his fadom the have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you may find
him,

Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So farewel

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

OTHELLO.

11

SCENE III.

*Enter Brabantio in his night-gown,
and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, said'st thou? who would be a
father?

How didst thou know, 'twas she? oh she deceives
me

Past thought — What said she to you? get more
tapers —

Raise all my kindred — are they married, think
you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat she out?

Oh treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters
minds

By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brothers; oh would you
had had her?

Some one way, some another — Do you know
Where

Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you
please

To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
call,

I may command at most; get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.

On, good *Roderigo*, I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Street before the Sagittary.

*Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendant
with torches.*

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience

To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service, — Nine or ten
times

I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much below'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Orb. Let him do his spight:

My Services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
know,

(Which, when I know that Roasting is an
honour,

I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, e' en bonneted, to as proud a
fortune

As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights
come yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Cassio with torches.

Iago. Those are the rais'd father, and his
friends:

You

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By *Ianus*, I think, no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my
Lieutenant:

The goodness of the night upon you, Friends!
What is the news?

Cassio. The Duke does greet you, General;
And he requires your haste, post-haste, appearance

Ev'n on the instant.

Oth. What is the Matter, think you?

Cassio. Something of *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the counsel, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly
call'd for,

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

[Exit Othello.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago.

O T H E L L O.

15

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a
land carrack;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caf. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Baf. To whom?

Iago. Marry to-come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caf. Here comes another troop to seek for
you.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with
officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio*; General, be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Ara. Down with him, thief.

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*? come, Sir, I am for
you —

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the
dew will rust'em.

Good Signior, you shall more command with
years,

Than

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound;
Whether a maid, so tender, fair and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthiest cull'd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drags or minerals,
That waken motion: I'll have't disputed on,
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking,
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist,
Subdue him at his perik.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison 'till
Fit time of law, and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth.

Oth. What, if I obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. True, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in council, and your noble self
I'm sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Senate-house.

*Duke and Senators, set at a table with
lights and Attendants.*

Duke. There is no composition in this
news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

B

2 Sen.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred;
 But though they jump not on a just account,
 (As in these cases, where the aim reports,
 'Tis oft with diff'rence,) yet they all confirm
 A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judge-
 ment;
 I do not so secure me in the error,
 But the main article I do approve,
 In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What hoa! what hoa! what
 hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now! — what's the business?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for
Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
 By no assay of reason, 'Tis a pageant
 To keep us in false gaze; when we consider
 Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
 And let our selves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
 So may he with more facile question bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks th' abilities
 That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought
 of this,

We

We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wake a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due course toward the isle of
Rhodes,

Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet—

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you
guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail; and now they do
re stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank
appearance

Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,

With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:

Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us, to him.

Post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant
Moor.

O T H E L L O.

SCENE VII.

*To them, Enter Brabantio, Othello,
Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and
Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight
employ you,
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior,
[*To Brabantio.*
We lackt your counsel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the
general

Take hold on me: for my particular grief.
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature:
That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. To me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not —

Duke.

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul
proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper
son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it
seems
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't,

Duke. What in your own part can you say
to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend
signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old Man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years
pith,

'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;

B 3

And

And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
 charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withall,)
 I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at it self; and she, in spight of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, ev'ry thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on—
 It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect,
 That will confess affection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with sonre mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
 Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

Sen. Othello, speak,
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send, for the Lady, to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know
the place.

[*Exit Iago.*]

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battels, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To th' very moment, that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,

B 4

And

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history:
 Wherein of antres vast, and desarts wild,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads
 touch heav'n,

It was my hint to speak. * All these to hear,
 Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;
 But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good
 means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
 She wish'd, she had not heard it, — yet she
 wish'd

That

* It was my hint to speak; such was the process;
 And of the *Canibals*, that each other eat
 The *Antropophagi*; and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
 Would *Desdemona*, &c.

That heav'n had made her such a man, she thank'd
me,

And bad me, if I had a friend, that loved her,
I should but teach him, how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had past,
And I loved her, that she did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft, I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

SCENE IX.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and
Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too —

Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best.
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you must owe obedience?

Desd. Noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me

How to respect you. You're the lord of duty,
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my
husband,

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, perfering you before the father;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with my heart
I would keep from thee. And for your sake,
jewel,

I'm glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape' would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my
Lord.

Duke. Let me now speak more like your
self; and lay

A sentence in, which, like a grise or step,
May help these lovers here into your favour.
*When remedies are past, the griefs are ended;
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be perserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the
thief; He*

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing cares
For the false comforts, which from thence he
bears;

But he heaps both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal,
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pieced through the
ear.

I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of
state.

Duke. The *Turck* with a most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness: and do undertake
This present war against the *Ottomites*.

Most

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reverence of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding,

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,

My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd,
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;

I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords; beseech you, let
her will

Have

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat affects the young,
 In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
 And heav'n defend your good souls, that you
 think

I will your serious and great business scant
 For she is with me — No, when light-wing'd
 toys

Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulness
 My speculative and offic'd instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
 And all indign and base aduersities
 Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste,
 And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my Lord, to-night?

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet
 again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
 And he shall our commission bring to you;
 And such things else of quality and respect
 As doth import you

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
 (A man he is of honesty and trust,
 To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With

With what else needful your good Grace shall
think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;

Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighting beauty lack,
Your Son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona*
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes
to see;

She has deceiv'd her father and may thee.

[*Exit.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago*.
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo and *Iago*.

Rod. *Iago*!

Iago. What sayst thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Iago.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O-villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an Injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown my self for the love of a Guinney-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that, if we will plant nettles, or sow lettice; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal flings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a slip or scyon.

Rod.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy self? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars*, defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,—but put money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,** shall shortly be as col-
quintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice.—Therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an arrant *Barbarian* and a su-

* the true
reading is *loquax*
a very pleasant
contraction intro-
duced into medi-
cine by the ac-
cused physician

* *That is*, disgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a false beard.

** *I. Ludolfus* speaking of the locust saith, *suavis valde nec non salubris est cibus*. Hist. Aethiop. lib. I. c. 13.

super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy self! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I retell thee again, I hate the Moor. My cause is heart-ed; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?
No more of drowning.

Rod. I'll sell all my land.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my
purse;

C

For

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a swain,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true—
But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well—
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;—
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery—How? how? let's see—
After some time, t' abuse *Othello*'s ears,
That he is too familiar with his wife—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are:
I have't— it is ingendered— Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light.

Exit.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

*Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus,
and two Gentlemen.*

Mont. What from the cape can you
discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main
Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud
at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of
this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous main,

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th'ever-fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On th' enshaf'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet

C 2

Be

Be not inselter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. **N**ews, Lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in;
A *Veroneſſa*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at Sea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* - But this same *Cassio*, though he
 speak of comfort
 Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
 parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,

Even'

Even' till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For ev'ry minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike
isle,

That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements!
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

(*Within*) A sail, a sail, a sail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'
th' sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour-
tesie:

Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,

C 3

And

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd
a maid

That 'paragons description and wild fame.
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Do's bear all excellency —

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy
speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas and howling
winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,)
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain:

Left

Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'nights speed. Great *Iove*, *Othello* guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerfull
 breath!

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
 And bring all *Cyprus* comfort —

SCENE V.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo
 and Aemilia.*

O behold!

The riches of the ship is come on shore:
 You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
 Hail to thee, Lady! and the grace of heav'n
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand
 Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
 What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
 But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O but I fear — how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship But hark, a sail!

Within] A sail! a sail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
 This likewise is a friend.

Caf. See for the news:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome,
mistress.

[*To Aemilia.*

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding

Kisses [*Saluting her*

That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of
• her lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Aemil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on, you're pictures
out of doors,

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your house-wifery, housewives in
your beds.

Des. Oh fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Aemil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone
to the harbour —

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inven-
tion comes from my pate, as birdlime does from
freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muse
labours and thus she is delivered:

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd: how if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a
wit,

She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Aemil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish, that was
fair,

For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish there-
unto, But

But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Des. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it self?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack't gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were) —

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! do not learn of him, *Aemilia*, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and illiberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside] He takes her by the palm; well said -- whisper -- with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, might be properly applied to the distinction of the different similes of small beer.

*She would be a wight to chronicle small beer in
hallucination, sup-
pose, to the co-
man practice, of
marking the
jars with name
of the Consul.
the appearance
of such a woman
would make an
aura; but as the
merit of the ves-
woman is but
small, that aura
might be properly applied to the distinction of the different
ages of small beer.

smile upon her, do -- I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed -- If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good -- well kiss'd and excellent curtesie -- 'tis so indeed -- yet again -- your fingers to your lips: would they were clister-pipes for your sake! [*Trumpet.* The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Caf. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Caf. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,

To see you here before me. My foul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:

And let the labouring back climb hills of seas

Olympus high; and duck again as low

As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear

My

My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate

Des. The heav'ns forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. You are well-tun'd now;
But I'll let down the pegs that make musick,
As honest as I am.

[*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks*
are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'y thee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers;
Bring thou* the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona,*

*—*the master.*—*the pilot of the ship.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'st valiant; as they say, base men being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them — list me; the lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discret heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the devil? when the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who
stands

stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that hath an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest'd figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blest'd pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Roderigo*! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th'incorporate conclusion: pish — But, Sir, be you rul'd by me.

me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to - night ; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: Ill not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and happily may strike at you. Provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny: * whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

[Exit.

Rod. Adieu.

SCE.

whose qualification shall come]

whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered, as to be well tested, do not to retain some bitterness

SCENE VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe:

That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
 And I dare think he'll prove to *Desdemona*
 A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat: the thought whereof
 Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my in-
 wards;

And nothing can or shall content my soul,
 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor trash of *Venice*, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on;
 I'll have our *Michael Cassio* ^{on} the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
 (For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too,)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward
 me,

For

For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here — but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd.

[Exit.

SCENE IX.

The Street.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and
valiant General, that upon certain tidings now
arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the
Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph:
Some to dance, some to make bonfires, each
man to what sport and revels his mind leads him.
For besides this beneficial news, it is the cele-
bration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure
should be proclaim'd. All offices are open,
and there is full liberty of feasting, from this
present hour of five, till the bell have toll'd ele-
ven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble
General *Othello*!

[Exit.

D

SCENE

O T H E L L O.

SCENE X.

The Castle.

Enter, Othello, Desdemona, Cassio
and Attendants.

Oth. **G**ood *Michael*, look you to the
guard to - night,
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out - sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do:
But not withstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Iago* is most honest:
Michael, good night. To-morrow with your
earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear
love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.

[*Exeunt* Othello and Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, *Iago*; we must to the
watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet
appoint ten o' th' clock. Our general cast as thus early
for

for the love of his *Desdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her: and she is sport for love.

Caf. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago And I'll warrant her full of game.

Caf. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caf. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black *Othello*.

Caf. Not to-night, good *Iago*: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesie would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you:

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not talk my weakness with any more.

D 2

Iago.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me.

[*Exit. Cassio.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. —
Now my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a waty distance,
'The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now' mongst this flock of
drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my deem,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Cassio, Montano and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a
rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a
pint,

as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

[*Iago sings:*

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man; oh man's life's but a span,

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: Where indeed
they are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your
German, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander* —
drink, ho! — are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his
drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your
Dane dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow
your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit,
ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, Lieutenant; and I'll do
you iustice.

D 3

Iago.

Iago. Oh sweet England!

King Stephen was and a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor down:

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride, that pulls the country down,

And take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well — Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, good lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins — gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right hand and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters, come,
let's see the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Caesar*.
And give direction. And do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a iust equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drinck rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue, that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

D 4

Enter

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How, now, *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the lieutenant, go.

[Exit. Rodorigo.]

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble
Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?

[Within, help! help!]

Re-enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal! —

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat
the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me —

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant;

[staying him.]

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, o I'll knock you o'er
the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? —

[They fight.]

Iago.

Iago. Away I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[*Exit. Rodorigo.*]

Nay good Lieutenant — Alas, gentlemen—

Help, ho! — Lieutenant — Sir, — *Montano* —

Help, masters! here's a goodly watch indeed —

Who's that who rings the bell? — diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*]

The town will rise. Fie, fie, Lieutenant!

You will be sham'd for ever.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to
th' death.

Oth. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant — Sir — *Montano*! — gentlemen! —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

The General speaks to you — hold, hold, for
shame —

Oth. Why how now? ho! from whence
arise this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to our selves do that

Which heaven had forbid the *Ottomites*?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

D 5

He

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
 Holds his foul light; he dies upon his motion.
 Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the ille
 From her propriety. What is the matter?
 Honest *Iago*, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak; who began this? on thy love I charge
 thee.

Iago, I do not know; friends all, but now,
 even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Divesting them for bed; and then, but now —
 As if some planet had unwitted men,
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I can't speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds,
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus
 forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be
 civil:

The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted; and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
 Your officer *Iago* can inform you,

(While

There comes a fellow crying out for help;
 And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
 My self the crying fellow did pursue;
 Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The town might fall in fright. He, swift of
 foot,

Out-ran my purpose. I return'd, the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And *Cassio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 (For this was brief) I found them close together
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 When you your self did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report.
 But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
 Tho' *Cassio* did some litte wrong to *him*,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best;
 Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Orb. I know, *Iago*,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
 But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.
 Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
 I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Orb.

Oth. All is well, sweeting; come away
to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off:

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, *Desdemona*; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation!
Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part of my self, and what remains is be-
stial. My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought
you had received some bodily wound; there is
more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputa-
tion is an idle, and most false imposition; oft
got without merit, and lost without deserving.
You have lost no reputation at all, unless you re-
pute your self such a loser. What, man —
there are ways to recover the General again. You
are

are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again and he's yours.

to act foolishly

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk and speake parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause transform our selves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had
not

not befall'n: but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. 'To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! — Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up him self to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess your self freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest *Iago*.

[*Exit. Cassio*]

SCENE XV.

Manent Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Likely to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie
Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his
baptism,

All seals and simboles of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetters'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To

To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? 'Tis hell's divinity:
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heav'nly they
 As I do now. For while this honest fool
 Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 That she repeals him for her body's lust:
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rod'rigo*?

SCENE XVI.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a
 hound that hunts, but one that fills
 up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have
 been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I
 think the issue will be, I shall have so much ex-
 perience for my pains; and so with no money
 at all, and a little more wit, return again to
Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not
 patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

E

Thou

Thou knowst we work by wit, and not by
witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time:

Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,

And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*.

Tho' other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first, are not first ripe:

Content thy self a while. In troth, 'tis morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say: thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone.

[*Exit* Rodorigo.]

Two things are to be done;

My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress:

I'll set her on; so draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find

Solliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:

Dull not, Device, by coldness and delay.

[*Exit*]

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio and Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content
your pains,

Some-

Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow
General.

*[Musick plays and enter Clown
from the house.]*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments
been in *Naples*, that they speak i'th' nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind - In-
struments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instru-
ment that I know. But, masters, here's money
for you: and the General so likes your musick,
that he desires you for love's sake to make no noise
with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not
be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear
musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag,
and hye away. Go, vanish into air, away!

[Exeunt Mus.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend;
I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's
a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentle-
woman,

woman, that attends the General's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She's stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notifie unto her.

Cas. Do my good friend

[*Exit.* Clown.]

To him enter *Iago*.

In happy time, *Iago*.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted,

I have made bold to send in to your wife;
My suit is, that she will to *Desdemona*
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

To him enter *Aemilia*.

Aemil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I
am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you: but he loves you,
And

OTHELLO.

69

And needs no other suitor but his likings;
To bring you in again.

Caf. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Aemil. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Caf. I'm much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good Lord I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall
we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio and Aemilia.

Desd. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

E 3

Aemil.

Aemil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves
my husband

As if the cause were his.

Desd. Oh that's an honest fellow; doubt not,
Cassio,

But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love
my Lord,
You've known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it self so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Aemilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord shan't rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of pa-
tience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a thrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit; therefore be merry, *Cassio*,

For

OTHELLO.

71

For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

SCENE IV.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Aemil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease;
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[Exit. Cassio.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if — I know
not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my
wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my Lord? no sure, I cannot
think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my Lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

E 3

Des.

Des. Why, your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my
Lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*, some
other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. Sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tues-*
day morn,

Or *Tuesday* noon or night, or *Wednesday* morn.

I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that they say the wars must make example
Out of their best) is not almost a fault

T'incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell

Tell me, *Othello*, I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mamin'ring on. What? *Michael*
Cassio! —

That came a wooing with you, and many a
time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much —

Oth. Pr'ythee no more, let him come when
he will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon:

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you
warm;

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? no; farewell, my
Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come
straight.

Des. Emilia, come; be as your fancies
teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Oth. Excellent wench! *) perdition catch
my soul,

But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord!

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd
my Lady,

Know of your Love?

Oth. He did from first to last; why dost
thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth.

* The word *wench* heretofore carried in it a sense no ways scornful or disparaging, such as modern times have annex'd to it: it signified a young woman, often an amiable woman, so that some have thought it a corruption only from the word *Venus*. In the Play of *Antony and Cleopatra* Act. 2. Sc. 3. it is thus used: *Cleopatra* is call'd *Royal wench*! and in this play again Act. 5. Sc. 9. *Oh ill-starr'd wench*! so in *Fletcher's Bloody Brother* *Rollo* in the midst of his most passionate and respectful addresses *Edith* calls her *Wench*, Act. 5. Sc. 2.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted
with it.

Oth. Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou
ought of that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord? —

Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n,
thou echo'st me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean
something:

I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'd'st not that*, —
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not
like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cryd'st,
indeed?

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And

And for I know, thou'rt full of honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
 breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the
 more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
 Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
 They're distillations working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
 I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.
 Or those that be not, would they might seem
 none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they
 seem.

Iago. Why, then I think, *Cassio's* an ho-
 nest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
 I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminat; and give thy worst
 Of thoughts the worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
 Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
 I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
 Utter my thoughts! — Why, say they're vile
 and false,

As where's that palace wheremto foul things
 Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,

But

But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,

Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

'Cause I perchance am vicious in my guess:

As I confess it is my nature's plague

To spie into abuse, and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble

Out of my scattering and unsure observance:

It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty and wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear
my Lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth.

Oth. I'll know my thoughts —

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;

Nor shall not whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in
bliss,

Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves!

Oth. Oh misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich
enough;

But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions. No; to be once in doubt is
At once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a
goat,

When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To

To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves
company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances
well;

Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes and chose me. No *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love and jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have
reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you.
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best
conscience

Is not to leave't undone; but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear your
looks,

She

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then;

She, that so young, could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak —
He thought, 'twas withcraft — but I'm much
to blame:

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your
spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you re
mov'd —

X Issues for com- To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
elusive.* Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my wor-
thy friend.

* *Oth.* No, not
much mov'd —

My Lord, I see you're mov'd —*
I do not think, but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you
to think so!

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it self —

Iago.

Iago. Ay, there's the point; — as (to be
bold with you)

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, *Iago.*

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry? —

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more than he un-
folds.

Iago. My Lord, I would, I might intreat
your Honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit, that *Cassio* have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if You please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your Lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;

F

Much

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
 (As worthy cause I have to fear, I am,)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
 Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
 Into the vale of years, — yet that's not much —
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
 Must be to loath her. O the curse of marriage!
 That we can call this delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
 For others use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.

Even

Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes:

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia

If she be false, oh then, heav'n mocks it self;
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your dinner and the generous Islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill
away again?

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry, that you are not well

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII

Manet Aemilia.

Aem. I am glad I have found this napkin here;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times

F 2

Woo'd

Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the
token,

(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I will have the work
Ta'en out, and give it to *Iago*, but
What he'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I:
I nothing but to please his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Aemil. Do not you chide; I have a thing
for you,

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing —

Aemil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Aemil. Oh, is that all? what will you give
me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Aemil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Aemil. No; but she let it drop by negligence,
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Aemil.

Aemil. What will you do with't, you have
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*

Aemil. If't be not for some purpose of im-
port,

Give't me again. Poor Lady; she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have use for it. Go, leave me —

[*Exit Aemilia.*

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poisons:
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so,
[*Observing Othello seemingly disturb'd.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello

Look, where he comes! Not Peppy, nor Man-
dragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

F 3

Oth.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone; thou'st set me on the rack.

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
war!

And, oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th'immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* occupation's gone.

Iago.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore;

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*catching hold on him*

Or by the worth of my eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord —

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office. Wretched
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh monstrous world! take note, take note, oh
world!

To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay — thou should'st be honest —

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think, she is not;
I think, that thou art just, and think, thou art
not;

I'll have some proof. Her name that was as
fresh

As *Dian's* visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure't. — 'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with
passion;

I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied,
my Lord?

Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this.

Whe-

Where they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,

If imputation and strong circumstances

Which lead directly to the door of truth,

Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;

But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,

I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,

And, being troubled with a raging tooth,

I could not sleep — There are a kind of men,

So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter

All their affairs: one of this kind is *Cassio*:

In sleep I heard him say: *Sweet Desdemona,*

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.

And then, Sir, would he gripe and wring my
hand;

Cry: — *Oh sweet creature!* and then kils me
hard,

As if he pluck't up kisses by the roots,

And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg

Over my thigh, and sigh and kils, and then

Cry: *Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.*

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. This was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;

She may be honest yet. — Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,

(I'm sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that —

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!

One is too poor, to weak for my Revenge.
Now do I see, 'tis true. — Look here, *Iago*.
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone; —

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom with thy fraught,

For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

Iago.

O T H E L L O.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh Blood, blood, blood —

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like the *Pontick* Sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course,

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the *Propontick* and the *Hellespont*.

Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

'Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up. — Now by yond marble

heav'n,

[*He kneels.*]

In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow,

I here engage my words —

Iago. Do not rise yet:

[*Iago kneels.*]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!

You elements, that clip us round about!

Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command,

Not to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks but with acceptance

bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:

Within these three days let me hear thee say,

That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her,
damn her!

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter Desdemona, Aemilia and
Clown.*

Des. Do you know, firrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lies?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions and bid them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit. Clown.]

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief, *Aemilia*?

Aem. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Aem. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the Sun where he was born

Drew all such humours from him.

Aem. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord?

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardi-
ness to dissemble!

[*Aside.*

How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist,
my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal
heart:

Hot, hot, and moist — this hand of yours re-
quires

A sequester from liberty; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A very frank one.

Des. You may indeed say so;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old
gave hearts;

But our new heraldry is hands, no hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now
your promise.

Oth.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me;

Lend my thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you?

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? —

Des. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. — That handkerchief

Did an *Aegyptian* to my mother give;

Rhe was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while

she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father,

Intirely to her love; but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,

To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;

Make it a darling, like your precious eye;

To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web
of it;

A Sy-

A *Sybill*, that had numbred in the world
Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:
The worms were hallowed, that bid breed the
filk;

And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden hearts.

Des. Indeed! Is't true!

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't
well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, that I had
never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and
rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak is it out o'
th' way?

Des. Bless us! —

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not
now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit,
Pray you, let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief — my mind
misgives —

Des.

OTHELLO.

97

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[Exit Othello.]

SCENE XI.

Manent Desdemona and Aemilia.

Aem. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Aem. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man;
They are but stomachs, and we all but food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full
They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;

And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

G

Des.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle *Cassio*,

My advocacy is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know
him,

**countenance*

Were he in favour^{*} as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must a while be pa-
tient;

What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Aem.

Aem. He went hence but now;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Pufft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

[Exit.

SCENE XII.

Manent Desdemona *Aemilia* and
Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee do so. Something sure of
state,

Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Aemilia*,
I was, unhandsome wrangler as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;

G 2

But

But now I find, I had suborn'd the witnels,
And he's indited falsely.

Aemil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause,

Aem. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind!

Aem. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk he-
reabout;

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t'effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Aemilia.*]

SCENE XIII

Enter Bianca.

Bi. 'Save you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bi. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What?

What? keep a week away? seven days and
nights?

Eightscore eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?

Oh weary reck'ning!

Caf. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,

[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief*

Take me this work out.

Bi. *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is't come to this? well, well.

Caf. Well, go to, woman;

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous

now

That this is from some mistress, some remem-

brance:

No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bi. Why, whose is it?

Caf. I know not neither; I found it in my
chamber;

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bi. Leave you? wherefore?

Caf. I do attend here on the General,

G 3

And

And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bi. Why, I pray you?

Caf. Not that I love you not.

Bi. Nor that you love me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Caf. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring
you,

For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bi. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean
harm?

It is hypocrisie against the devil:

'They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The

The devil their virtue tempts not, they tempt
heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief —

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and
being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is proprietor of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence, that's not
seen,

They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief —

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have
forgot it;

Thou said'st, — oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boarding to all, — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say? as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress
Convinc'd or suppl'd them, then cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

G 4

Iago.

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be, you well
assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not
what he did —

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? on her — what you will —

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with
her! that's fullsom: handkerchief — Confessi-
ons — Handkerchief — I tremble at it — Na-
ture would not invest her self in such shadowing
without some induction, It is not words that
shake me thus — pish — Noses, ears, and lips
is't possible? — confels! — handkerchief —
Oh devil —

[*Falls in a Trance*]

Iago. Work on!

My medicine works. Thus credulous fools are
caught:

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
All guiltless meet reproach. What hoa! my
Lord!

My Lord, I say, *Othello!*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Cassio

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fall'n into an epilepsie,
This is the second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness: — look, he stirs.
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, General? have you not hurt your
head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a popu-
lous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd

May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in such unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case
Is better: oh, it is the spight of hell,
The fiend's arch-mock, to lip a wanton in
A secure couch, and to suppose her chaste.
No, let me know, and knowing what I am
I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise;
'Tis certain.

Iago. Stand you now a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'er-whelmed with your
grief,

(A passion most unfitting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasie;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your
self,

And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and
when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*?

I will

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A hufwife, that by selling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excels of laughter. Here he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor *Cassio's* smiles, gestures, and light beha-
viour,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieu-
tenant?

Cas. The worser, that you gave me the
addition,

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are su-
re on't:

Now, if this suit lay in *Bianca's* power,

[*Speaking lower*
How

How quickly should you speed!

Caf. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Caf. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed she
loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs
out.

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall mar-
ry her.

Do you intend it?

Caf. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman*? do you
triumph?

Caf. I marry! — What? a customer? pr'y-
thee bear some charity to my wit, do not think
it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall
marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee say true.

Iago. I am a villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? well.

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out:
she is perswaded I will marry her, out of her
own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me: now he begins the story.

Caf. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck —

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha —

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Bianca*.

Caf. **T**is such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one — What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bi. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is so—

is some minx's token, and I must take out the work: there, give it your hobbey-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caf. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heav'n, that should be my handkerchief.

Bi. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Caf. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee come, will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

SCENE V.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Oth. **H**ow shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Iago! —

Iago.

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the-foolish woman, your wife — She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing: A fine! woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! —

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature — She might lye by an Emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is — so delicate with her needle — An admirable musician. Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: And then of so gentle condition! —

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago* — Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago* —

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh! 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night.
I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and
her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night,
Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her
in her bed, even in the bed she hath contami-
nated.

Oth. Good, good:
The iustice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight.

[*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good: — what trumpet is
that same?

Iago. I warrant you 'tis something come
from *Venice*.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and
Attendants.*

Oh! it is *Lodovico* from the Duke:
And see your wife is with him.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy General.

Oth.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their good pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you signior. Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord an unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord!

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will —

[*Reading.*]

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the paper. Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T'attone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.

H

For

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

[Striking her.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd
in *Venice*,

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh, devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:
Out of my sight —

Des. I will not stay to offend you

[Going.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I do beseech your Lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make
her turn:

Sir, She can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And

And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient — proceed you in your tears —
Concerning this, Sir, — oh well painted pas-
sion! —

I am commanded home — get you away,
I'll send for you anon — Sir, I obey the
mandate,

And will return to *Venice*. — Hence, avant!

[Exit Des.

Cassio shall have my place. And Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*.

Goats and Monkeys!

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our
full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the nature
Which passion could not shake? whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident or dart of chance
Could neither raze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of
brain?

H 2

Iago.

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe
my censure.

What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife?

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall ob-
serve him,

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I was deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter Othello and Aemilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then

Aem. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her
together.

Aem. But then I saw no harm; and then
I heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Aem. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' th' way?

Aem. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her
malk, nor nothing?

Aem. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Aem. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is
honest,

Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom,
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their
wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go.

[*Exit Aemilia*]

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle one;
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I've seen her do't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Desdemona and Aemilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my
face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress,
[*To Aemilia.*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Aem.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech
import?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my Lord; your true and
loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear; it; damn thyself; lest
being like one

Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to
seize thee.

Therefore be double-damn'd: swear, thou art
honest.

Des.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona*, away, away, away —

Des. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost
him,

Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at —
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
There, there look grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me
honest.

Oth. Oh ay, as summer-flies are in the
shambles,

That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee —
Would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I com-
mitted?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book,

Made to write whore upon? What, what com-
mitted?

Committed? oh thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what com-
mitted?

Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind; that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. Committed? — impudent
strumpet!

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian,
If to preserve this vessel for my Lord

From

O T H E L L O.

121

From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*. —

SCENE X.

Enter Aemilia.

Come you, mistress,

That have the office opposite to saint *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; you! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's money for
your pains;

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[Exit.

Aem. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, Madam? how do you, my good
Lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Aem. Good Madam, what's the matter with
my Lord?

Des. With whom, *Aemilia*?

H 5

Aem.

Aem. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Aem. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me,
Aemilia,

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Aem. Here's a change indeed!

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very
meet; [Exit

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

SCENE XI.

Enter Iago and Aemilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam?
how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your
babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, Lady?

Aem. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so be-
whor'd her,
Thrown

Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon
her,

That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Aem. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in
his drink

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat,

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the
day!

Aem. Hath she forsook so many noble
matches?

Her father? and her country? and her friends?

To be call'd whore? would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune,

Iago. Bestrew him for't; how comes this
trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know,

Aem. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some
office,

Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is im-
possible.

Des.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Aem. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that such companion thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the east to th' west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Aem. Oh fie upon him! Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the feamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord again?

Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel;

[*Kneeling.*]

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

Deligh-

Delighted them on any other form;
 Or that I do not yet or ever did,
 And ever will, tho' he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
 much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I can't say *where*,
 It does abhor me now I speak the word;
 To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his
 humour;

The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

Hark how these instruments summon to supper!
 [Trumpets.

The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat;
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
 [Exeunt Desdemona and Aemilia.

SCENE XII.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly
 with me.

Iago.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device, *Iago*; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Roderigo*?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted my self out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to *Desdemona*, would have half corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath received them, and re-return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well? go to? I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my self known to *Desdemona*: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure your self I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is special commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago.

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place, knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay if you dare do your self a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Aemilia and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome. *Oth.*

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Demetrius*! —

[*Ex. Lod. &c.*

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look't be done.

[*Exit.*

Des. I will, my Lord.

Aem. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent, And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Aem. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good

Acilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu,

We must not now displease him.

Aem. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns, (Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Aem. I have laid those sheets you bid me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me In one of these same sheets.

I

Aem.

Aem. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*.
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of *willow*,
And old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
No to go hang my head all on one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee dispatch.

Aem. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Aem. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Aem. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have
walk'd barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his
nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a *sycamo-*
re tree,

[*Singing.*

Sing all a green willow:

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hie thee, he'll come
anon.)

Sing

OTHELLO.

131

*Stay all a green willow must be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.
Nay, that's not next — Hark, who is't that
knocks?*

Aem. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what
said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

*If I court more women, you'll couch with more
men.*

So, get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do
itch,

Doth that boad weeping?

Aem. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; oh these men!
these men!

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Ae-*
milin,

That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Aem. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all
the world?

Aem. Why, would not you?

Des. No by this heav'nly light.

Aem. Nor I neither by this heav'nly light, I
might do't as well in th' dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all
the world?

I 2

Aem.

Aem. The world's a huge thing; it is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Aem. In troth I think I should, and unswear't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world! why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.

Aem. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Aem. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the world they plaid for. But I do think it is their husbands faults, If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us, Or scant our former having* in despight; Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their

*allowance of expence

Their wives have sense like them; they see and
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sower,

As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? is it sport?

I think it is; and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth; is't frailty that thus errs?

It is so too. And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well; else let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night; good-night; heav'n me

such uses send,

No to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

A street before the Palace.

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk. Straight
will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;

Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

I 3

Iago.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take
thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he
dies.

[*Goes and stands apart.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young quab almost to
the sense,

And he grows angry. Now whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril;
No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou
diest.

[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy in-
deed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

[*Fight and both fall.*

Cas.

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho! mur-
ther, murther!

[*Iago behind cuts Cassio on the leg and Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Othello above at a window.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*; *Iago* keeps his
word.

Rod. Oh villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honest and
just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong,
Thou teachest me — Minion, your dear lyes dead,
And your fate hies apace. Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart those charms thine eyes are
blotted:

Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted.

[*Exit Othello.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?
murther, murther!

I 4

Gra.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direful,

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: for heav'n's sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago*? oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! What villains have
done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give some
help.

Rod. Oh help me there,

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous slave! oh villain!

[*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago*! oh unhuman dog!

[*Dies.*

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? Where be these
bloody thieves?

How silent is this town! ho, murder! murder!
ther!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico*?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt
by villains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heav'n forbid:

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bi. What is the matter, ho? who is't
that cry'd!

Iago. Who is't that cry'd!

Bi. Oh my dear *Cassio*!

My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Oh notable strumpet! *Cassio* may you
suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled
you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So — Oh for a
chair,

To bear him easily hence.

Bi. Alas, he faints, Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*,
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*, come, come:

Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man

Roderigo? no: yes sure: yea, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra.

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle
pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh a chair, a
chair!

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well said,
the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mis-
tress,

Save you your labour. He that lyes slain here,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know
the man.

Iago. What, look you pale? — oh bear him
out o'th'air.

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale,
mistress?

Do you perceive the paleness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

[To Bianca.

Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness

Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Aemilia.

Aem. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the dark
By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Roderigo* dead.

Aem. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Pray,
Aemilia,
Go know of *Cassio*, where he sapt to-night.
What do you shake at that?

Bi. He sapt at my house, but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. Oh did he so? I charge you go with
me.

Aem. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bi. I am no strumpet, but of life, as ho-
nest

As you that thus abuse me.

Aem. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio*
drest.

Come, mistress, you must tell's an other tale.

Aemilia, run to the citadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will

Will you go on afore? — This is the night
That either makes me or foredoes me quite,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:

[*Lays down the sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light: and then — put out *thy* light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light re-lumine,

[*Sets down the candle, not putting it out.*]
When I have pluck'd the rose,
It cannot give it vital growth again,

It

It needs must wither — I'll finell thee on
the tree

[*Kissing her.*]

Oh balmy breath; that dost almost perswade
Iustice to break her sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
thee,

And love thee after — One more, that's the
last,

So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly,
It strikes, where it doth love — She wakes —

Des. Who's there? *Othello?*

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona?*

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your self of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will
walk by.

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heav'n's fore-fend, I would not kill thy
foul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not
kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal
then,

When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear,
I know not,

Since guilt I know not: Yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural; what! kill for
loving!

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;

These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st
Cassio,

Des. No, by my life and soul: send for the
man,

And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of
perjury,

Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay but not yet to die.

Oth.

Oth. Yes presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conce-
ption

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen!

Des. And have you mercy too! I never
did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand.

Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice,
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee —

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des.

OTHELLO.

145

Des. My fear interprets. Oh! what, is he
dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I'm undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him
to my face?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me
not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-
night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive —

Des. But half an hour *) — but while I say
one prayer,

Oth. It is too late.

[*Smother's her.*]

SCENE VII.

Aemilia at the door.

Aem. My Lord! my Lord! what hoa! my
Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet
quite dead?

K

I that

* *Des.* But half an hour —

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so.

Aem. What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Aem. Oh, my good Lord! I would speak
a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Aemilia* — by and by — she's
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;
The noise was high. Ha, no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't
good?

I think she stirs again — No — what's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that th'affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration —

Aem. I beseech you

That I may speak with you. Oh, good my
Lord! —

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in, *Aemilia*.
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee
now?

[Unlocks the door.

Enter

OTHELLO

47

Enter Aemilia.

Aem. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul
murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Aem. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was
wont,

And makes men mad.

Aem. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Aem. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out
of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh falsely, falsely murther'd!

Aem. Alas, what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Aem. Out and alas, that was my Lady's
voice.

Help! help, ho! help! oh Lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Aem. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewell!

[*Dies.*

Oth. Why, how should she be murther'd?

Aem. Alas, who knows?

K 2

Oth.

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was
not I.

Aem. She said so, I must needs report the
truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Aem. Oh the more angel she, and you the
blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a
whore.

Aem. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a
devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Aem. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did tup her; ask thy husband
else.

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Aem. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Aem. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*; had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Aem. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That

O T H E L L O.

149

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Aem. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?

I say thy husband.

Aem. Oh mistress! villainy has made mocks
with love.

My husband say she was false!

Oth. He woman;

I say thy husband; dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Aem. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain — a — day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!

Aem. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Aem. Thou hast not half that power to do
me harm

As I have to bear hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!

As ignorant as dirt; thou'st done a deed —

I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives — Help! help, ho!
help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder,
murder!

K 5

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Aem. Oh, are you come, *Iago*? you have done well, That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Aem. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false: I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain. Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more

Than what he found him self was apt and true.

Aem. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Aem. You told a lie; an odious damned lie: Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie. She false with *Cassio*? did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, mistress; go to, charm your tongue.

Aem. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to speak;

My

My mistress lyes here murder'd in her bed.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you
get you home.

Aem. Good gentlemen, let me have leave
to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:

Perchance, *Iago*, I will neer go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh!

[*Othello falls on the bed.*]

Aem. Nay, lay thee down and roar:

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul!

I scarce did know you, uncle; there lyes your

niece, [Rising.

Whose breath indeed these hands have newly

stopp'd;

I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I'm glad thy fa-

ther's dead:

Thy

— murder'd in her bed.

All. Oh heav'n's forefend!

Aem. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act!

Aem. Villainy! villainy! villainy!

I think upon't — I think — I smell't — Oh

villainy!

I thought so then; I'll kill my self for grief;

Oh villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? &c.

Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desp'rate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pityful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Aem. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Aem. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise and get you home.

Aem. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Aem. Oh thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speakst of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Aem. She give it *Cassio*? alas, I found it,

And

And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Aem. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

*[Iago breaks through and wounds his wife,
then runs out.]*

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But, what serve for the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his
wife.

Aem. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.]

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty;
Let it go all.

Aem. What did thy song boad Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; Willow, willow, willow—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd the, cruel Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true:
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Aemilia dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber.
It was a sword of Spain, the *Ebro's* temper;
Oh here it is: uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost
thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me;
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost fail,
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now — how dost thou look now? Oh ill-star'd
wench! Pale

In the first edition it is *Isebrooke's* temper. Thence corrupted to *Ice brooks*. *Ebro's* temper: the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world, the *Catalonian* fuses.

Pale as thy smock ! When we shall meet at

compt,

This lock of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh cursed slave!

Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly sight;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh *Desdemona* ! *Desdemona* ! dead, dead, oh, oh!

SCENE X.

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded,
Montano, and Iago prisoner, with
Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortu-
nate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain
forth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but that's
a fable,

If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, but am not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing ;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy — devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing ; what you know,
you know ;

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath
befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not : here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*,
And here another ; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Roderigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it seems

Re-

Rodorigo meant t' have sent this damned villain;
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he him self confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire,

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Loa. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extrem; of one whose hand,
Like the base *Indean* *, threw a pearl away

Richer

* Meaning Herod who slew his wife Marianne
whom he passionately loved.

Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
 Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus.

[*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gr. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
 Killing my self, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Eaf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* * dog! [*To Iago.*]
 More fell than anguish, hunger or the sea!
 Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
 This is thy work; the object poisons sight, —
 Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, Lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
 The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
 My self will straight aboard, and to the state
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *The Dogs of Spartan race were reckon'd among
 those of the most fierce and savage kind.*

